

THE
Female Reign:
A N
O D E,

Alluding to *Horace*, B. 4. Od. 14.

Quæ Cura Patrum, quæve Quiritium, &c.

Attempted in the Style of *Pindar*.

Occasion'd by the wonderful Successes of
the Arms of Her Majesty and Her Allies.

With a LETTER to a Gentleman in the University.

By Samuel Cobb, M. A.

L O N D O N:

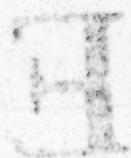
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of London and Westminster, 1709.

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A.M. 1863. Part 2. VII

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A LETTER to a Gentleman in the University.

S I R,

THIS comes to Congratulate You on the agreeable News of some late extraordinary Successes, which have bles'd the Arms of Her Majesty, and Her Allies. I leave you to the Printed Papers for a particular Account of those Actions, which have surpriz'd the World; and, we hope, given the last Stroke to the languishing Power of the Common Enemy of Europe. They will furnish noble Topics for the Wits of an University, like yours, who can embellish (if that can be done) the Glories of a Female Reign with a juster Sublimity of Verse, than what you will find in the following Performance, which was written several Months ago, and not run over with a hasty Negligence. The Ode, from whence I take my Hint, is accounted by some Critics not inferior to the 4th of the same Book, which begins thus,

Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem, &c.

And was written in Complement to Augustus, on occasion of a famous Victory gain'd by Tiberius, as this, which I have aim'd to imitate, was written on the Praise of Claudius Nero. I need not inform Men of your Reading and Letters what occasion'd both. The Poet, as he does in almost all his Odes, has shewn a peculiar Artfulness and Elegance, and turns all the Panegyric on the Emperor (who was not in the Action) with Te concilium, & tuos Præbente Divos. If You ask wherein I have trod in the Steps of Horace, You will find it in the Beginning. I have only kept him in view, and used him only where he was serviceable

to my Design. He took the same liberty with Alcæus, as appears from some Fragments of that Greek Lyriac, quoted by Athenæus. In my Digressions and Transitions I have taken care to play always in sight, and make every one of them contribute to my main Design. This was the Way of Pindar, to read whom, according to Rapin, will give a truer Idea of the Ode, than all the Rules and Reflections of the best Critics. I will not pretend to have div'd into him over Head and Ears, but I have endeavour'd to have made my self not the greatest Stranger to his Manner of Writing; which generally consists in the Dignity of the Sentiments, and an elegant Variety, which makes the Reader rise up with greater Satisfaction than he sat down. And that which affects the Mind in Compositions of any sort, will never be disagreeable to a Gentleman of Ingenuity and Judgment. I have avoided Turns, as thinking that they debase the Loftiness of the Ode. You will easily perceive whether I have reach'd that acer Spiritus & Vis, recommended by Horace, as the Genius of Poetry. Whether you will call the following Lines a Pindaric Ode, or Irregular Stanza's, gives me no Disturbance: For however the seeming Wildness of this sort of Verse ought to be restrain'd, the Strophe, Antistrophe, &c. will never bear in English, and it would shew a strange Debauchery in our Taste, if it should, as may be witnessed by the servile Imitation of the Daedyles and Spondees used by Sir P. Sidney. But to make an end of this tedious Epistle; you will see thro' the Whole, that Her MAJESTY is the Chief Heroine of the Ode; and the Moral, at the End, shews the solid Glories of a Reign which is not founded on a pretended Justice, or Criminal Magnanimity.

Yours, &c.

S. C.



THE
FEMALE REIGN:
A N
O D E.

I.

WHAT can the *British Senate* give
To make the Name of *ANNA* live?
By Future People to be sung,

The Labour of each grateful Tongue.
Can faithful Registers or Rhyme

In charming Eloquence, or sprightly Wit;

The *Wonders of her Reign* transmit
To th' unborn Children of succeeding Time?

Can Painter's Oil, or Statuary's Art

Eternity to Her impart?

No—Titled Statues are but empty things

Inscrib'd to *Royal Vanity*,

The Sacrifice of Flattery

To Lawless Nero's, or Bourbonian Kings.

True Virtue to Her kindred Stars aspires,

Does all our Pomp of Stone and Verse surpass,

And mingling with *Ætherial Fires*,

No useless Ornament requires

From Speaking Colours, or from Breathing Brasses.

II.

*Greatest of Princes ! where the wand'ring Sun
Does o'er Earth's habitable Regions rowl,
From th' *Eastern Barriers* to the *Western Goal*,*

*And sees Thy Race of Glory run
With Swiftness equal to his Own :*

*Thee on the Banks of *Flandrian Scaldis* sings
The jocund Swain, releas'd from *Gallic Fear* ;*

*The *English Voice* unus'd to hear,*

Thee the repeating Banks, Thee every Valley rings.

*The *Gaul*, untaught to bear the Flames
Of those who drink the *Maese* or *Thames*,
From the *Britannick Valour* flies,*

No longer able to withstand

*The Thunderbolt launch'd by a *Female Hand*,
Or Lightning darted from Her Eyes.*

III.

*What Treble Ruin *Pious ANNA* brings*

*On False *Electors*, Perjur'd Kings,*

*Let the twice *Fugitive Bavarian* tell,*

*Who from His *Airy Hope* of better State*

By Lust of Sway, irregularly Great,

*Like an *Apostate Angel*, fell.*

*Who, by *Imperial Favour* rais'd,*

I'th' highest Rank of Glory blaz'd ;

And had till now, unrival'd, shone

More than a King, contented with His Own.

*But *Lucifer's bold Steps* he trod,*

Who durst Assault the Throne of GOD,

And

And for contented Realms of blissful Light;

Gain'd the sad Privilege to be

The First in Solid Misery,

Monarch of Hell, and Woes, and Endless Night.

Corruption of the Best is Worst,

And foul Ambition, like an Evil Wind,

Blights the fair Blooms of a Noble Mind;

And if a Seraph fall, He's doubly Curs'd.

IV.

Had Guile and Pride, and Envy grown

In the black Groves of Styx alone,

Nor ever had on Earth the baleful Crop been sown:

The Swain, without Amaze, had Till'd

The Flandrian Glebe, a guiltless Field:

Not had He wond'red, when He found

The Bones of Heroes in the Ground.

No Crimson Streams had lately swell'd

The Dyle, the Danube, and the Sceld.

But Evils are of Necessary Growth

To Rouze the Brave, and Banish Sloth:

And some are Born to win the Stars

By Sweat, and Blood, and Worthy Scats:

Heroic Virtue is by Action seen,

And Vices serve to make it keen;

And as Gigantick Tyrants rise

NASSAU'S and ANNA'S leave the Skies

The Earth-born Monsters to Chastise;

While Cerberus and Hydra grow

For an Alcides, or a MARLBOROUGH.

V:

If, Heav'nly Muse, you burn with a Desire
 To Praise the Man whom all admire:
 Come from thy *Learn'd Castalian Springs*,
 And stretch aloft thy *Pegasusian Wings* ;
 Strike the loud *Pyndaric Strings*,
 Like the Lark, who soars and sings :
 And as you sail the Liquid Skies,
 Cast on * *Menapian Fields* your weeping Eyes :
 (For weep they surely must
 To see the *bloody Annual Sacrifice* ;
 To think how the *neglected Dust*
 Which, with contempt, is basely trod,
 Was once the Limbs of Captains, Brave and Just,
 The *Mortal Part* of some Great D E M Y - G O D :
 Who for thrice Fifty Years of stubborn War,
 With slaughter'ring Arms, the Gun and Sword,
 Have dug the *Mighty Sepulcher*,
 And fell as Martyrs on Record
 Of Tyranny Reveng'd, and Liberty Restor'd.)

VI.

See, where at *Audenard*, with Heaps of Slain
 Th' *Heroic Man*, *inspir'dly* Brave ;
 Mowing a-cross, bestrews the Plain,
 And with *new Tenants* crowds the *wealthy Grave*.
 His Mind unshaken at the frightful Scene,
 His Looks as clearfully serene

* The *Menapii* were the ancient Inhabitants of *Flanders*.

The routed Battle to pursue,
As once adorn'd the *Paphian Queen*,

When to Her *Thracian Paramour* she flew.

The gath'ring Troops He kens from far,
And with a Bridegroom's Passion and Delight
Courting the *VVar*, and *Glowing* for the Fight,
The *new Salmoneus* meets, the *Celtic Thunderer*.

Ah cursed Pride! Infernal Dream!

VVhich drove him to this wild Extream

That *Dust* a *Deity* should seem.

Bethought, as thro' the wond'ring Streets he rode,

Th' *Immortal Man*, or *Mortal God*.

VVith *rattling* Brasses, and *trampling* Horse

Should counterfeit th' *Inimitable Force*

Of *Divine Thunder*: horrid Crime!

But *Vengeance* is the *Child of Time*,

And will too surely be repay'd

On his prophane, *Devouted Head*,

VVho durst affront the Powers above,

And their Eternal Flames Disgrace,

Too Fatal, brandish'd by the *Rightful Jove*,

Or (*a*) *Pallas*, who supplies his place.

VII.

The *British Pallas*! who as (*b*) *Homer's* did

For her lov'd *Diomed*,

Her *Heroe's Mind* with *Wisdom* fills,

And *Heavenly Courage* in his Heart instills.

(*b*) *Homer* in his *Fifth Iliad*, because the *Heroe* of that Book is to do Wonders beyond the Power of Man, premises in the beginning, that *Pallas* had peculiarly fitted him for that Day's Exploits.

Hence

Hence thro' the thickest Squadrons does He ride;

VVith ANNA's Angels by his side.

VVith what uncommon Speed

He spurs his foaming, fiery Steed !

And pushes on thro' midmost Fires

VVhere France's Fortune with Her Sons retires.

Now here, now there, the sweepy Ruin flies ;

(c) As when the Pleiades arise,

The Southern Wind afflicts the Skies.

Then, muttering o'er the Deep, buffets th' unruly Brine

Till Clouds and Water seem to joyn.

Or as a Dyke, cut by malicious Hands

O'erflows the Fertile Netherlands ;

Thro' the wide Yawn, th' Impetuous Sea

Lavish of his new Liberty,

Bestrides the Vale, and with tumultuous Noise

Bellows along the dclug'd Plain,

Destructive to the ripening Grain

For as th' Horizon he destroys : (Reign.

The weeping Shepherd from an Hill, bewails the Wavy

VIII.

So rapid flows th' unprison'd Stream !

So strong the Force of MIND LEHEIM !

In vain the Woods of Audenard

Would shield the Gaul, a fenceless Guard.

(c) *Indomitæ prope qualis undæ
Exercet Auster, Pleiædum choro
Scindente nubes, impiger hostium
Venare turmas, & frementem
Mittere equum meato per ignes.*

*Sic tauriformis valvitur Aufidus
Qui regna Dauni præfluit Appuli
Cum sevit, horrendamq; cultis
Diluviem meditatur agris.*

'As soon may Whirlwinds be with-held
 As His Passage o'er the *Scheld*.
 In vain the Torrent would oppose,
 In vain arm'd Banks, and numerous Foes,
 Who with inglorious haste retire,
 Fly faster than the River flows,
 And Swifter than our Fire.
Vendosm from far upbraids their nimble *Shame*,
 And pleads his Royal Master's Fame.
 By *Conde's Mighty Ghost*, he cries,
 By *Turenne, Luxemburg, and All*
 Those Noble Souls, who fell a Sacrifice
 At (a) *Lens*, at *Fleurus*, and at *Landen* Fight,
 Stop, I conjure, your ignominious Flight :
 But *Fear* is deaf to *Honour's Call*.
 Each frowning Threat and soothing Prayer
 Is lost in the regardless Air.

As well He may
 The Billows of the Ocean stay,
 While *C H U R C H I L L*, like a driving Wind,
 Or *High Spring-Tide*, pursues behind,
 And with redoubled Speed urges their forward Way.

IX.

Nor less, *Euginius*, Thy Important Care,
 Thou Second Thunderbolt of War !
 Partner in Danger and in Fame,
 With *Marlborough's* the Winds shall bear
 To distant Colonies Thy conqu'ring Name.

(a) Near this Place the Prince of *Conde* gave the Spaniards a very great Overthrow, 1648.

Nor shall the Muse forget to sing
 From Harmony what Blessings spring.
 To tell how Death did *envioufly* repine
 To see a *Friendship* so Divine.
 When in a Ball's destroying shape she past,
 And mark'd Thy threatned Brow at last:
 But durst not touch that Sacred Brain
 Where the Concerns of *Europe* Reign;
 For straight she bow'd her ghastly Head,
 She saw the *Mark of Heaven*, and fled.
 As Cruel *Brennus* once, *insulting Gaul*,
 When he, at *Allia's fatal Flood*,
 Had fill'd the Plains with *Roman Blood*,
 With *conscious Awe* forsook the *Capitol*,
 Where *Jove*, Revenger of Prophaneness, stood.

X

But where the *Good* and *Brave Command*,
 What *Capitol*, what Castle can withstand?
Virtue, as well as *Gold*, can pass
 Thro' Walls of Stone, and Towers of Brass.
L I S L E, like a Mistref, had been courted long,
 And always yielded to the Bold and Young:
 The fairest *Progeny* of *Vauban's Art*,
 Till *Savoy's Warlike Prince* withstood
 Her frowning Thunders, and thro' Seas of Blood
 Tore the bright Darling from th' Old Tyrant's Heart.
 Such (a) *Buda* saw Him, when Proud (b) *Apti* fell,
 Unhappy, Valiant Infidel!

(a) He bore a considerable share in the Glory of that Day on which *Bud a* was taken.

(b) He was *Baff* of the City, and lost his Life on the Breach.

Who, Vanquish'd by superior Strength,
Surrendred up his haughty Breath,
Upon the *Breach* measuring his manly Length,
And shun'd the *Bow-string* by a Nobler Death.

XI.

Such (c) *Harscham's* Field beheld Him in his Bloom;
When *Victory* bespoke Him for her Own,
Her Favourite, immortal Son,
And told of better Years revolving on the Loom:
How He should make the *Turkish Crescent* wane,
And choak (d) *Tibiscus* with the Slain.
(While *Viziers* lay beneath the lofty Pile
Of slaughter'd *Bassaws* who o'er *Bassaws* rowl'd)
And all his numerous Acts she told
From *Latian Carpi* down to *Flandrian LISLE*,
Where every Day new Conquests should produce,
Labour for Envy, and a Muse.
Where with her rattling Trumpet's sound
Fame should shake the Hills around ;
Should tell how *WEBB*, nigh woody *Wynendale*,
Argu'd each Inch of the *important* Ground.
So much in Virtue's Scale

(d) *Vicem gerit illa Tonantis.*

(c) This was a fatal Battle to the *Turks* in the Year 1687. Prince *Eugene* with the Regiments of his Brigade was the first who enter'd the Trenches, and for that reason had th^e Honour to be the first Messenger of this happy News to the Emperor.

(d) This Battle was fought on the 10th of October 1697; where Prince *Eugene* Commanded in Chief; in which there never happen'd so great and so terrible a Destruction to the Ottoman Army; which fell upon the Principal Commanders more than the Common Soldiers; for no less than Fifteen *Bassaws*, (Five of which had been *Viziers* of the Bench) were kill'd, besides the Supream *Vizier*.

True

True Valour Numbers can out-do,
And *Thousands* are but *Cyphers* to a Few.

XII.

Honour with open Arms receives at last
The Heroes, who thro' *Virtue's* Temple past.

And show's down Lawrels from Above
On those whom Heav'n and *ANNA* Love.

And some, *not sparingly*, she throws

For the *Young Eagles*, who could try
The *Faith* and *Judgment* of the Sky,
And dare the Sun with stiddy Eye,

For *Hanover's* and *Prussia's* Brows,
Eugenies in bloom, and future *Marlboroughs*.

To *Hanover*, *Brunswiga's* Second Grace,
Descendant from a long *Imperial* Race,
The Muse directs an unaffected Flight,
And Prophecies, from so serene a Morn,

To what clear Glories He is Born,

When blazing with a full *Meridian* Light
He shall the *British* Hemisphere adorn.

When *Mars* shall lay his batter'd Target down,
And He (since Death will never spare
The Good, the Pious, and the Fair)

In his ripe *Harvest* of Renown,

Shall after his *Great Father* sit,

(If Heav'n so long a Life permit)

And having swell'd the flowing Tide
Of Fame, which he in Arms shall get,

The Purchase of an *Honest Sweat*,

Shall safe in stormy Seas *Britannia's* Vessel guide.

XIII.

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XIII.

Britannia's Vessel, which, in *ANNA's Reign*

And prudent *Piloy*, enjoys
The Tempest, which the World destroys,
And rides Triumphant o'er the Subject Main,
O may She soon a quiet Harbour gain !

And sure the *Promis'd Hour* is come,

When in soft Notes the *Peaceful Lyre*
Shall still the Trumpet and the Drum,
Shall play what Gods and Men desire,
And strike *Bellona's* Musick dumb.

When *War*, by Parents curst, shall quit the Field
Unbuckle his bright Helmet, and to rest
His weary Limbs, sit on his *idle Shield*
With Scars of Honour plow'd upon his *Breast*.

But if the *Gallic Pharaoh's* stubborn Heart
Grows fresh for Punishment, and hardens still,
Prepar'd for th' *irrecoverable Ill*. (Part :

And force th' *Unwilling Skies* to act the *Last Ungrateful*
Thy Forces, *ANNA*, like a Flood, shall whelm
(If Heav'n does *Scepter'd Innocence* maintain)

His famish'd, desolated Realm,
And all the Sons of *Pbaramond* in vain
(Who with *dis honest* Envy see
The sweet *forbidden* Fruits of *distant* Liberty)
Shall Curse their rigid *Salic Law*, and wish a *Female Reign*.

XIV.

A *FEMALE REIGN*, like Thine,
O *ANNA*, *British Heroine* !

To

To Thee afflicted Empires fly for Aid
 Where e'er Tyrannic Standards are display'd,
 From the wrong'd *Iber* to the threatned *Rhine*.
 Thee, Where the *Golden-sanded Tagus* flows
 Beneath fair (*a*) *Ulyssippo's* Walls
 The frightened *Lusitanian* calls ;
 Thee, they who drink the *Sein*, with those
 Who plow *Iberian* Fields, implore
 To give the lab'ring World Repose,
 And *Universal Peace* Restore.
 Thee *Gallia*, mournful to survive the Fate
 Of her fall'n Grandeur, and departed State,
 By sad Experience taught to own
 That *Virtue* is a safer Way to Rise,
 A shorter Passage to the Skies
 Than *Pellion* upon *Offa* thrown :
 For they who by deny'd Attempts presume
 To reach the *Starry Thrones*, become
 Sure Food for Thunder, and condemn'd to howl
 In (*a*) *Ætna*, or in (*b*) *Arima* to rowl
 By an inevitable Doom,
 Gain but a Higher Fall, a *Mountain* for their *Tomb*.

(*a*) The Old Name of *Lisbon*, said to be Built by *Ulysses*.

(*b*) Two Mountains where *Jupiter* Lodg'd the Giants.



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